

# LadyLike

*A Tasteful Magazine for Crossdressers with Class*

#26

\$10

*Profile:  
Gina Allen*

*The Problem...  
continues*

*TVideo Review*

*Flash Back*

*Devil In The  
Black Dress*

*The Unqualified  
Cheerleader*

*plus... lots of  
photos of you!*



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# Editorial



**L**ucy, you got a lot of 'splainin' to do! Actually, I'm the one who needs to do the 'splainin'. How come I'm here on this page and where's JoAnn? I'm the brand new editor of *LadyLike* magazine.

Some of you may be

familiar with my work in *Renaissance News & Views* or *Cross-Talk* magazine. If you're not, then a hearty Hello and let's get down to business

JoAnn and I have been working together for years and when she felt she needed a break from singlehandedly producing one of the best (OK, *the* best) magazines for the transgendered community, she asked me if I'd like to share the burden. I can't reveal the terms of my contract with *LadyLike*, but now I'll be able to afford those Donna Karan suits an editor needs to wear.

The task of editing *LadyLike* will be a demanding one since JoAnn has set such high standards. (Really, I'm not just sucking up. And, after all, I *already* have the job.) I am going to maintain those standards and attempt to steer a course that at once informs and entertains. We've discussed theme issues, more color photos and I'd like to see some articles on professional impersonators. (Jo, give me the corporate AMEX. I've got to fly to L.A. for an interview.)

Whatever we come up with, you can be assured it will be good. By adding my input to the mix I think you'll find exciting times ahead in the pages of *LadyLike*.

What would you like to see? Drop me a line care of the magazine or send me some email at <bensalem@cpcn.com> and I'll look over your ideas.

## **And Now Some Ancient History**

Due to the bad weather on the East Coast, this has been a Winter of The Television Nightlight for this editor. I've seen so much of the old boob-tube that I'm wearing a larger bra. (Insert comedy snare drum here.) It's amazing what you can learn. While watching the Late Late Show with Tom Snyder I happened upon a crossdressing tale from Ancient Rome.

The author of the *Thornbirds* was the guest (I can't remember her name) and she was talking about her new book which is set in Ancient Rome. She happened to mention that Julius Caesar's third wife, Pompeia, was a principal player in a scandal involving crossdressing.

Armed with these scant details and quicker than you can say Net Surfer, I was logged on the Internet and searching for

Ancient Rome. After glancing at a few restaurants named Pompei's and flipping past a few homepages that contained any part of her name, I decided to try a search on Julius Caesar. Bang! There he was. The ancient Greek biographer Plutarch has found a home on the Web and I quickly found the story of Caesar's third wife...

"The Romans have a goddess whom they call Bona... It is not lawful for a man to be by, nor so much as in, the house whilst [Bona's] rites are celebrated, but the women by themselves perform the sacred offices, which are said to be much the same with those used in the solemnities of Orpheus. When the festival comes, the husband, who is either consul or praetor, and with him every male creature, quits the house." So said Plutarch in his *Biographies*. I think you can see a great set up here for crossdressing. What a temptation, a rite that only women could attend. It so happens, Pompeia had a comely young man who was in love with her. His name was Publius Clodius and he: "was a patrician by descent, eminent both for his riches and eloquence..." And, he happened to be young enough to have not yet grown a beard.

Hoping to take advantage of his lack of facial hair and pinning to be near his beloved Pompeia, Clodius made a choice that any red blooded Roman boy might make—he "took upon him the dress and ornaments of a singing woman, and so came thither, having the air of a young girl."

He was admitted to the house where the rite was being observed by a maid who was "in" on the deception. While waiting for Pompeia to meet him he got restless and started wandering around the darkened house, "still taking care to avoid the lights..." (it was a good strategy then and still is) "...till at last Aurelia's woman met him, and invited him to play with her, as the women did among themselves."

Hubba, hubba, you say. Well, Clodius, not wanting to be read, tried to get away from her. The woman pulled him close and asked the name of this "singing woman." He had to say something and when he did he, "...betrayed himself by his voice." Curses! Foiled again. Poor Clodius, if only he'd had Alison Laing's feminine voice tape.

As it was, the women chased him down and threw him out. The authorities brought him to trial and even Julius Caesar was called as a witness. Caesar (though he divorced Pompeia after this scandal) said he could say nothing against Clodius and the ancient Roman crossdresser was let go since he happened to be a rich ancient Roman crossdresser. (some things never change.) It was probably a much discussed topic in the baths.

Well, tempus fugit and all that. Hope you enjoy this issue.  
*Angela Gardner*

# LadyLike

*A Tasteful Magazine for Crossdressers with Class*

*In this issue...*

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Our first African-American crossdresser.

**Devil In The Black Dress ..... 216**

So innocent, yet so deadly. You'll howl with laughter and identify with our hapless heroine.

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*On the cover: Gina Allen. Photo by Gina*

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*Gina Allen*





# LadyLike Profile

**NAME:** Gina Marie Allen

**AGE:** 35

**PROFESSION:** Printer

**RESIDENCE:** Ohio

**HEIGHT:** 6' 2"

**WEIGHT:** 190#

**MEASUREMENTS:** 38-34-41, Sz: 16

**SHOE SIZE:** 13/14W

**FAVORITE THINGS**

**SHOE STYLE:** Flats & 2-inch heels

**PERFUME:** Gingham & Obsession

**MOVIE:** *The Birds*

**STYLES:** Paisley prints, Ruffles & Lace

**MUSIC:** R&B, Jazz, Top 40

**PLACE:** Downtown Cincinnati

**TURN-ONS:** People watching, Preparing for a night out, Meeting new people, Helping kids.

**TURN-OFFS:** People who put down other people, Last minute cancellations, Not being able to buy shoes in my size in discount stores.



**LadyLike:** We often hear stories about forced crossdressing of little boys, but this really happened to you. Tell us about that.

**Gina Allen:** My mother used to dress me when I was young, and I think it was because I had long, curly hair, slightly below the shoulder, with bangs in front. It seemed like everywhere we went people thought I was a girl. The first time I ever dressed myself was at age seven. I remember one day trying to put G.I. Joe's big body into a petite Barbie dress and my mom saw me doing it. She asked, "How would you feel if I dressed you like that?" Next thing I knew I was decked out in a pink dress, pink ribbons, ruffled socks and lipstick. I tried to stop her but couldn't. Next thing I knew, she was calling for my two brothers and sister to come into the room. They laughed and teased me. I can remember crying myself almost sick. She left me dressed all day long and after awhile my brothers and sister quite laughing and teasing me, and we played as if nothing happened.

That evening when I heard Dad driving up to the house I really got scared and hid behind the couch. I can remember to this day exactly what Mom said—"Rich,

Jerry has something to show you." Dad called my name and I wouldn't answer. Finally Mom pulled back the couch and there I was. To this day I don't understand why my dad didn't do or say anything. He looked at me crying and said nothing. So, since Mom liked me like that, and my brothers and sister didn't tease me anymore—and Dad said nothing, I started doing it on my own. My mom first tried to deny that this happened, but I had a talk with my older brother and he told me the same story, almost word for word.

I was alone quite often because I was the one who always got blamed for everything and was banished to my room. I kept couple of dresses I liked under my bed and always played in them when ever I could.

**So, you started early. Did it stay with you into high school?**

As a teenager I used to like playing in Mom's lace nighties and pantyhose, and walking around in her high heels. These were trying years because I wanted more than ever to be a cheerleader. I could do all the cheers as good, or better, than most of the girls, just from watch-





into the bedroom and came back with her comb, brush and makeup. I asked what she thought and she said I looked okay but I'd better have a seat. She worked over me for about a half hour and then said, "Now go to the mirror and look." I did and my mouth dropped. She had really made me look convincing then she told me something that almost crushed me. She said if I was going to continue to dress up I'd have to cut my hair. I really loved my long, curly hair because I felt it was more convincing to have my own hair as opposed to a wig. But she felt I was more recognizable with my own hair and with wigs I could be whoever I wanted to be. I gave in because if I did this she was going to allow me to dress and would accept this part of me. I openly cried when I had my hair cut. I loved my hair, but I realized I loved my wife more. She gave me time to express, and be myself.

**You're very lucky and attractive. How has your crossdressing affected other parts of your life?**

I got so comfortable being Gina that I started wanting to go to work as Gina. It affected me so much that I went to the Employee Assistance Program with my problem.

ing and then practicing at home. But I also liked to play baseball and basketball, so I did that instead, and watched the girls from the bench.

As I got older I slowly began to put it out of my mind. I mean, I'd go for three or four months without thinking about it—then, boom! I'd wake up and the urge would hit me hard.

**You have a wonderful and accepting wife. How did you tell her about Gina?**

I dated my wife for five years before we got married, hoping she would take my mind off dressing. And, because she worked nights and I worked days, the urge just got stronger and stronger. We were married eight and a half years before I got up the nerve to tell her.

I always joked about it with her and one day she was picking out an outfit. She was holding up two dress suits. I said she should wear the green one because even I would look good in that. She said, "I bet you would." She chose the other suit and as she was leaving I told her I would show her. She laughed and said okay. Well, when she came home there I was, all dolled up. She smiled, walked by me and looked again. Then she went





They referred me to Dr. Richard Baum (Amazingly, Dr. Baum is the only person who knows about me who has never seen me as Gina. We'll have to do that soon!) who, after a few sessions, put me in touch with Crossport. And, finally after all these years, I got to meet others like me, who could relate to what I was going through. After meeting those girls I realized I was not alone in my feelings. Now I have somehow come to realize that I am someone special, who feels comfortable going out as Gina as well as going out as Jerry.

I usually get out about once a week, or more. That reminds me of the first experience I had running into someone I know while I was dressed. It was the first girlfriend I had in high school. I passed her on the street and said, "Hi Vanessa." She looked at me and said, "Do I know you?" That's when I realized that I was dressed and said to myself, "Oh migod, what have I done?" I told her she knew who I was and she said she didn't. "I've never met you before in my life." I said, "Vanessa, it's me. Jerry." She just froze for a few seconds—eyes bulged out and her mouth open. She said that until I told her she thought I was a real girl. Now we occasionally meet for lunch and she just loves Gina.



My own mother didn't even recognize me when I first visited her while dressed, which made me feel good, knowing that I could fool her. I'm not naive enough to think I can fool everyone all the time, though. But regardless, I have fun whether I'm deemed passable or not. I remember a line from a JoAnn Roberts book that I use all the time now whenever the subject of crossdressing comes up. I say, "Hey, it takes balls to act like you don't have any."

### **You said you wanted to go to work as Gina. Did you?**

It's funny, because in a sense I have gone to work as Gina. I worked in an in-house print shop that did a lot of color photo copying. We had a wall that displayed samples of what we could do. Well, the majority of the photos were of Gina. The men in the building loved Gina and always made nice comments about her, and no one ever caught on. There was a co-worker of mine named Joanne that worked in the area with me and she knew what was up. We both almost had to bite our tongues whenever someone would say they wanted a date or thought she was cute. Our biggest laugh came when our





boss said he'd leave his wife for a woman like her. To this day he has a crush on her. Joanne said he still talks about her. One of these days I'll introduce her to him. Won't he be surprised?

**Let's go back to your family. What do Mom and Dad think now? Do they know about Gina?**

Dad said since I was a kid he didn't think anything would come of it and he's terribly sorry he didn't say anything. He now one of my biggest supporters, even though he doesn't understand it. Dad—me either, to some degree, but it just seems so right and natural now. I love it, and you.

**You and I both know that even the most "accepting" wives have some issues with their crossdressing mates, how do you two keep your relationship in balance?**

We have our moments, but for the most part things are all right, because we give each other "breakaway days" to get away from each other and the kids. And, to help accommodate her, since she likes a mustache, I don't shave between outings. I told her I was thinking of having my facial hair removed. She laughed and said, "That's not the only thing you want removed."

### What does the future hold for Gina?

Presently I'm unemployed, after working fifteen years in the same place. I've kind of relaxed all summer and have only recently thought about finding a job. A dream I have quite often is that my next job will be as Gina—as a full fledged working girl. Hopefully I can find someone to work for who will let me fully express myself. Until that happens I'll keep dreaming and hoping one day it will come true. Until then I'll continue living and loving life as always. Enjoying life to the fullest. I like to thank God for making me who I am and my friends and family for their understanding—especially my wife. Also, Dr. Baum. If not for him I might never have heard of Crossport, IFGE, and the gender community. Hugs and kisses Dr. Baum!

I've done some outreach at Central Michigan, via an invite from the AASECT convention, at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio and at Talbert House, which operates a crisis hotline. I'd really love to do a major talk show. All my friends want to know when they're going to see me on TV. I just say hopefully, one of these days.

Thanks to JoAnn Roberts for giving me the opportunity to tell a little bit about myself. I have found it easier to deal with crossdressing the more I talk about it and I love to every chance I get.

LL







**Are you a minority within our minority? *LadyLike* magazine is looking for crossdressers of color as Profile candidates. We want to show the incredible diversity of the transgender community. Of course, we're always looking for interesting people regardless of their ethnic heritage. Think you've got what it takes to be a *LadyLike* Profile Girl? Drop us a line and tell us about yourself.**



# *Girl Talk*

with JoAnn Roberts

**Girl Talk is your forum. Any question on any topic is fair game, from makeup secrets to the psychology of transgendered behavior.**

**If I don't have an answer, I'll find someone who does. Write me care of this magazine with your questions. I just love mail.**

**Dear JoAnn,**

**I have been looking in catalogs for opaque tights that are really flesh colored, to get the hairless look without shaving. Most of these seem to have slight tints that give an alien-leg look. I have several blemishes on my legs, so this goes beyond the question of shaving/not shaving.**

**Suzanne, Houston TX.**

Dear Suzanne,

Go to a shop that sells dancewear, like Danskin. That's where you will find the opaque tights you're looking for. Make sure that you do not get tights with a lot of Lycra. The Lycra adds an unnatural shine. Try to match the color to your skin as closely as possible. Then wear regular pantyhose over the tights to finish off the look. A whole new crop of pantyhose in "nude" colors are now available, but good old Black and Off-black will do nicely.

**Dear JoAnn,**

**Everyone knows that wearing tight clothes can cause a problem with bulges in the wrong places. Now I see ads for an item called a "gaff" that promises to keep the frontal area smooth. Do these gaffs work?**

**Yvonne, Germany**

Dear Yvonne,

Gaffs have been around a long time. In fact, it's not much more than what is called a "dance belt" for male ballet dancers. A gaff is usually made of a strong stretchy material like Lycra and is shaped much like a thong panty, although they are usually wider through the crotch. The pressure exerted by the material passing between your legs is what keeps everything in place.

The gaff was created by/for Female Impersonators





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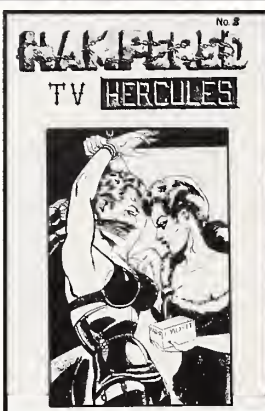


## The Feminizers #7

Watch Out! They will trap you in silk and satin. Bind you in tight panties and form fitting sissy garments and change you into a strange Nouveau woman! In this silky other world you'll find tantalizing entertainment. GO FOR IT!

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#11, #12,  
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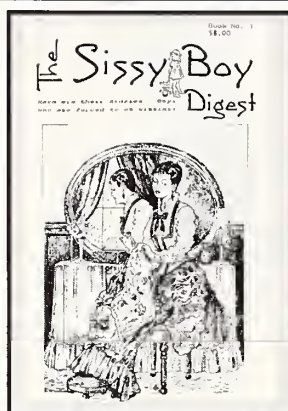


## Hampered TV Hercules #2

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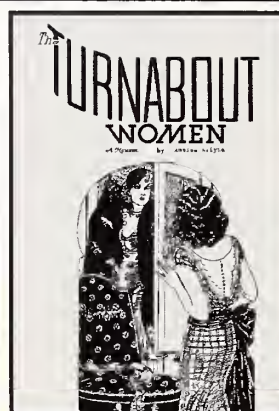


## Sissy Boy Digest #1

Fussy, babyish outfits alone don't make a man into a proper sissy. One wife decided that her husband needed a nanny to teach him to be the obedient little person that he really was. With dress discipline, strict lessons in deportment, and a day's exposure to "Auntie E," this husband learned to be truly sissy sweet.

Also Available:

Sissy Boy #2, #3, #4  
\$8.00 each + \$1.00 S&H



## Turnabout Women #1

How many women does it take to make one male into a total female? When the turnabout women look for their next subject for transformation, they take aim with femininity. Trapping with lingerie, Dresses and high heels. Imprison your mind with only thoughts that a woman should have. How can you escape?

Will you want to!

Also Available:

Turnabout Women #2  
\$7.00 each + \$1.00 S&H



## Secret Pleasures #13

Robert, you see was a raging male chauvinist, much to the disgust of his fiancée, Susan. With the help of her friend, Robert gets a fitting punishment - being physically & mentally altered so he can't be anything but feminine!

\$7.00 + \$1.00 S&H



## Part Time Women #18

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## TV Queens # 54

Stories about hot TV Queens forced into submission and sexual acts by hot studs who know how to handle a queen

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TV Queens #55, #56  
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## .. VIDEO .. Glen or Glenda

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\$24.25 + \$3.00 S&H



## .. VIDEO .. Tied, Trained & Transformed

Frankie was a male chauvinist pig. The women around him decide to teach him a permanent lesson. He is transformed into a woman & changed forever into submission!

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## .. VIDEO .. TV's & the Houseboy

Allen is invited over for some private instruction - but to his surprise it is in the finer points of dressing like a woman! Stockings, panties bras ... & it ends in lustful passion with his TV instructors

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who needed to hide their genitalia in very skimpy costumes. That's the one real advantage of a gaff over other similar garments; it's small.

The gaffs offered by Best Value Products (and lots of other vendors) aren't junk, but you may not like wearing a gaff. I don't and don't use one. I find that a sturdy Spandex brief does as good a job, and have even worn just pantyhose with lots of Lycra, like Hanes Illusions.

So, if you want to keep everything hidden in a skimpy costume or a bathing suit, a gaff might just be what you need. Otherwise, you don't really need a gaff.

**Dear JoAnn,**

**What is the best way to fill out a bra? I've tried using tissue paper, but it doesn't feel right.  
Michelle, Arizona**

Dear Michelle.

You have a lot of options for filling out a bra cup. The cheapest, and least aesthetically pleasing, way is to make your own using water and plastic sandwich bags as I show in my book, *Art & Illusion, Vol. 2*. These have the right weight and bounce but they don't look great.

If you have some breast tissue to start with, there are now breast enhancers on the market for about \$150. These are made from the same silicone material as prosthetic breast forms, but they are bowl shaped to fit over and enlarge a small breast. Finally, there are the many different kinds of prosthetic breast forms starting in price from about \$250 upwards.

Deal with a reputable vendor. I can recommend any of the vendors who advertise with us in LadyLike, and especially Michelle's Classique Forms.

**Dear JoAnn**

**Are there specific exercises one can do to tone the legs? What's your secret?**

**Candi, Ore.**

Dear Candi,

My "secret" is that I was lucky enough to be born into a family that has great-leg genes. I don't do any special exercises. However, I think that using an exercise step or a Nordic track would be a good way to build some definition into a flabby leg.

**Dear JoAnn,**

**I've noticed that many of the girls shown in**

**LadyLike have really great cleavage. How do they do this. Is everyone taking hormones?**

**Michelle Anne, Ariz.**

Dear Michelle Anne,

No, not everyone is on hormones. In fact, most of the cleavage you see is an illusion created by skillful use of cosmetics and sometimes a helpful appliance. In the television and movie industry any type of product that gets glued onto the body to change its appearance is called an appliance. In the case of cleavage, that appliance can be sport tape, an extra tight push-up bra, or a special glue-on device that pulls the chest muscles together.

Two community people are working on "commercial" cleavage makers. Espy Lopez of Classic Curves (see their ad on page 20) is developing a bra-like device to create adjustable cleavage. Lori Larkin (cover girl on LL#23) is developing glue-on "lifters" that can be used with or without a push-up bra. (See the photos below.) Both these products should be available by the time you read this.

LL

Stay Frosty!

Lori without her "lifters" ▼

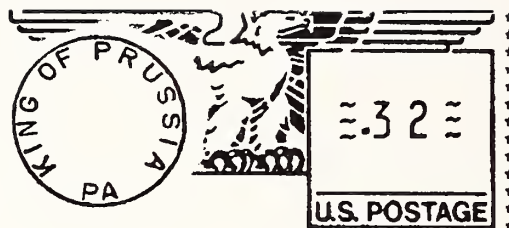


Lori with her "lifters" ▲





# Letters



## Loves LL & Some Info

I simply must write and tell you that the new revamped, reorganized *LadyLike* is terrific! You and the CDS crew even went so far as to take the "for adults only" caution off the front cover. And Dee not only looks superb on the front cover, but is one of the most interesting and imaginative people you've interviewed. Great!

One good thing I noticed is the greater diversity of ads, better for the shopper-by-mail, and the absence of those smutty ads is a real blessing!

I would echo same concern about your answer to Georgette's question in *Girl Talk* about the legal aspects of crossdressing. A relative of mine works with the police in a nearby town, and gave me some input. Yes, of course, there are many town ordinances prohibiting everything, from spitting on the sidewalk to "wearing a disguise," and these have the function of finding any excuse to drag someone a policeman is suspicious of off to the police station. If the long arm of the law is zealous enough, you can even be scrutinized by the CIA or FBI, and without them telling you about it. In some places, you can be pulled over by a policeman if you are driving to a Halloween party, because you are "wearing a disguise." So be careful.

In the meantime, I'm impatiently waiting for the next issue of the best magazine around! The more people we can reach the better off they will be, to stop purging and feeling guilty about a part of them which should be loved and nurtured just the same as those other 2000 parts. Nuff said.

Sincerely, Ruth

## Disagrees With Brain Sex

After reading *Ramblings* in *LadyLike* #24, I had to write you. I was very interested by the mention of Dr. Garski and his brain-sex research. He presented proof in the difference of male, female, and homosexual brains. But I cannot support his research.

In my opinion, our sexual behavior stems from our development (and starts) when life is created in

the womb. And (also from) the emotional state of the mother which can alter normal sexual development.

I inherited feminine traits from my mother. When I was a child, around six or seven, I began crossdressing in my sister's clothes. (Sometimes I would get caught.) As a teenager my feelings were stranger to play dress up. (Which I did.) Since then I have enjoyed dressing up on and off, but I have no desire for [sex with] a man.

Although, I had a brief homosexual affair back in the days when I was confused about my sexuality, and thought that I was gay because I wore panties under my jeans. But, gay sex didn't satisfy me. I was married once and have always desired women as sex partners.

However, sometime in the next century sexual classifications may be eliminated by using neutral terms instead of "his" and "hers." For generations yet to come, sexual equality will be the norm and transgendered persons such as ourselves will be accepted. Anyway keep up the good work and some day the struggle will be over.

Yours truly, Jamie

## Great Time At Poconos

It was a great pleasure to meet you, as well as all of the other sisters who attended the [Paradise In The Poconos] weekend. I feel I have made many new friends and I'll be looking forward to renewing those friendships in the future.

I am an ardent admirer of *LadyLike* magazine. I feel it is a high quality publication, and I'm anxiously awaiting the new and improved version.

Enclosed are a few photos of myself. It would be a great thrill for me if you could find them good enough to include in a future issue of *LadyLike*.

In closing, it was a pleasure to finally meet you. I have read several things you have written and find you very insightful concerning the gender community. I look forward to seeing you again; hopefully in the not too distant future.

Sincerely, Michelle Phillips

## More Raves for LL

About your publication *LadyLike*, it is absolutely the finest quality... in paper, printing, editing, and above all, editorial content. All other magazines, and I do mean all, could take lessons from CDS. The photos are terrific. I do so envy each and every "model." Your policy against explicit smuttiness is right-on!

Keep up the fantastic effort, we all appreciate. Love you and all the rest of the girls in *LadyLike*.

Sincerely, Ellen

## Disappointed & Pleased

I would like to make some comments on issue #24. I loved the Profile on Frances Williams up to the end. As I was reading it, I saw a lot of myself and thought how great it would be to make the break like Frances. Then she forces herself back into hiding by not telling her new wife. I almost cried. How could she do that again? I guess love can blind one. I hope her life is full of love and happiness.

I loved the picture of Andrea in *MirrorMirror*. I see she made issue #25 also. I would love to see more of the wedding event where the picture was taken.

I get a great kick out of *Then And Now*. I only wish I had pictures of myself en-femme ten years ago. At least ten years from now I will be able to compare myself. I just hope there is a 1000% improvement in my looks. I am like the proverbial lingerie but I am working on it.

Again, thanks for a great magazine and I hope to meet you soon.

Yours truly, Sharan Marie

Got something you'd like to tell us? Send your letters to *LadyLike*, PO Box 61263, King of Prussia, PA 19406, or contact us by email at <LLmag@cdspub.com>.





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# DEVIL IN THE BLACK DRESS

by *Christie Lea*

Ack! A deep searing pain shoots through my chest. A terrible tightening weight lies on my heart. The air is suddenly stifling.

"Ack! Oooogh... shit."

The breath is driven from my lungs as a hawser of black and white polka dot chiffon twists below my ribs. My arms flail helplessly, pinned to my ears, hands flapping aimlessly straight overhead.

"Ack! Ack!"

Breathing is quickly becoming more difficult as I blunder about, crashing into a wall, then a chair.

"Urgh Aggh. Dammit. Agchhh."

Crash!

The dress had certainly looked innocent enough. Slinky, sexy black chiffon, with tiny white polka dots, a straight mid-calf skirt and a bodice with pocket pleats and epaulets. Definitely a hot outfit.

My breath comes in gasps, filtered through layers of cloth. Inside-out skirt is piled on my head, tumbling down over my face. Everything has gone black... with little white polka dots.

The dress sure had been cute though. Hanging there in that second hand clothing store. No size marked. It had looked to be a bit small, but... three bucks, worth taking a chance.

"Argh. Ooooff. oomp. C'mon dress, let me go... shit."

Pulling the dress on had been accomplished with only a bit of a struggle. I even managed to get it buttoned. For a moment. However, I decided quickly that this particular dress, cute or not, unfortunately was not destined to find a place in my wardrobe. It fit well enough in the

waist, but in the body, it was, well... a tad tight. As a matter of fact, the dress seemed to have me in a Full Nelson, restricting my shoulder motion by about sixty percent. It wasn't until I tried to get the dress off that I realized the true extent of my peril.

A twisted cord of slinky black ma-



Artwork by Kay Lightner



terial encircles my ribcage just below my arms, binding me completely. Desperately, I struggle to free myself. Twisting, pulling, bending, arms flailing and beating air. Crouching, cursing, crashing against the dresser, nearly falling over that damned chair. Pulling some more.

With diabolic tenacity the chiffon remains in place. Even "hulking out" is to no avail. If anything, my struggles only serve to further tighten the dress' death grip.

"Agcch! Urph, damn... scissors! Yeah! Got... to... find... some... scissors!"

Blundering from the bedroom into the darkened hallway, I can't see a bloody thing. Somewhere in my gyrations, I had lost one shoe, and now I find I can't kick off the other, so I am forced to gimp along on one heel.

OOoof! Wham! Into the door frame, then the wall.

"Aaaaiieeeee..." Thud. Tripping over the dog, then trying in vain to break my fall with arms stretched out over my head.

The true demonic nature of the dress is becoming apparent. It tightens inexorably as I thrash and roll desperately trying to get my knees beneath me.

Blind. Disoriented. Each breath becoming a struggle. I feel as if my ribs must crack, and like my heart is in a vise.

Arms flail frantically, tearing at the material of the skirt, twisting, pulling.

Crashing, finally, into a wall. I am able to lever myself into a kneeling position, then stand—bent straight forward at the waist, hands groping desperately.

Blindly, I flounder into the kitchen and yank open the "Black Hole." The drawer crashes at my feet. I sort

frantically through piles of clattering junk with numbing fingers, viewed down a long black and white polka dot tunnel. String, several hundred pens, tape dispensers, spools, ladles, spoons, strainers, extension cords. No scissors. The desk drawer is next. Envelopes, computer disk. No scissors. Inexorably, the dress tightens its death grip.

My life is beginning to pass before me, as my breath comes in ragged painful gasps. I am weakening. The Polka-Dot-Chiffon-Dress-From-Hell is about to claim another victim.

I can feel the strength draining from me. My struggles diminish. I can't help it. I can feel my will to live slipping away as the dress' strength increases with each moment. Oblivion is near. I'm glad I remembered to put on clean panties.

An eternal blackness is beginning to creep into my brain when suddenly my mind fills with a vision. A tombstone—cracked, neglected, askew amongst coarse weeds. Carved across the stone a simple message... "Tried To Fit Into A Size 8."

"No!" I roar, thrashing violently to my feet. Battering my way back into the kitchen, I slip and stumble over all the junk. Stretching out desperately with both hands, I finally reach the knife rack. An eight-inch long carving knife is the first my hand encounters. It flashes in the fluorescent glare.

Both arms are bound together so tightly movement is possible only at the elbows and wrists. Gripping the knife with bunched fingers and twisting my wrists down and in, I can just bring the point of the blade against the material directly in front of my face. Again and again I lunge, trying to pierce the cloth, but the chiffon gives with each jab. The dress seems

to be mocking me. A dozen times the knife is thrust. A dozen times the slinky material slides and stretches out of harm's way. I can feel my spirit flagging. Darkness is moving in on me once again.

In desperation, I drop to my knees. Bracing the knife against the door with both hands I aim it upwards toward my throat. Leaning forward, I can feel my balance teetering precariously. The cloth pushes against my face, stretching before the point of the carving knife. The further forward I lean, the further the chiffon stretches.

Suddenly, one knee slips. With a shrill ripping sensation, the knife blade slides past my neck, the metal cold against my skin.

It seems as if with this single breach, I have pierced the heart of the demon. The material parts easily now as the knife blade saws into the black and white polka-dot bindings. My shoulders can flex a little, widening the gap with each motion. A very welcome sound of tearing cloth comes close to my ear.

Then, I see daylight. Cool air spills over my face. The remnants of the dress still encircle my chest, but the fight seems to have gone out of it. Gasping, I finally manage to tug it over my head. Collapsing on the kitchen floor, I lean back against the refrigerator, fighting to calm my breathing.

Lying in a heap across my legs is the dress. Black and white polka-dot chiffon! Once very sexy, now with a jagged slash across its bodice.

I wonder though. If I was to cut this part off here, and fold this down there, tack it here.. and here, I could still salvage a real cute skirt out of it.





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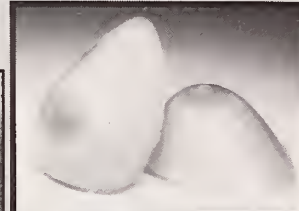
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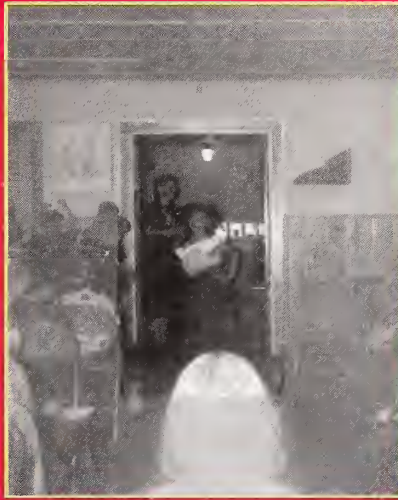
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# *Then* & Now

1972 — Hey, hippie, where you goin' with that flower in your hand?



1954 — Cub Scouts. She started early.

1972 — Her "domestic" phase.



## *Dee Burden*



1983 — Who me? Little old me? I didn't do nuthin!



1995 — My girdle is killing me!



# Mirror



*Clockwise from top left:*

*Jana, Ariz.;*

*Jennifer, Texas;*

*Marsha, Ohio;*

*Diane, Penna.;*

*and Tammy, Utah.*





# Yorim



*Clockwise from top left:  
Brenda, Ill.; Jayme, Ore.;  
Jody, Okla.; Alyssa, Md.;  
Monique, Fla.; and Arel, Mass.*







Giovanna, N.J. ▲



Tina, N.Y. ▲



Cindy, Pa. ▲

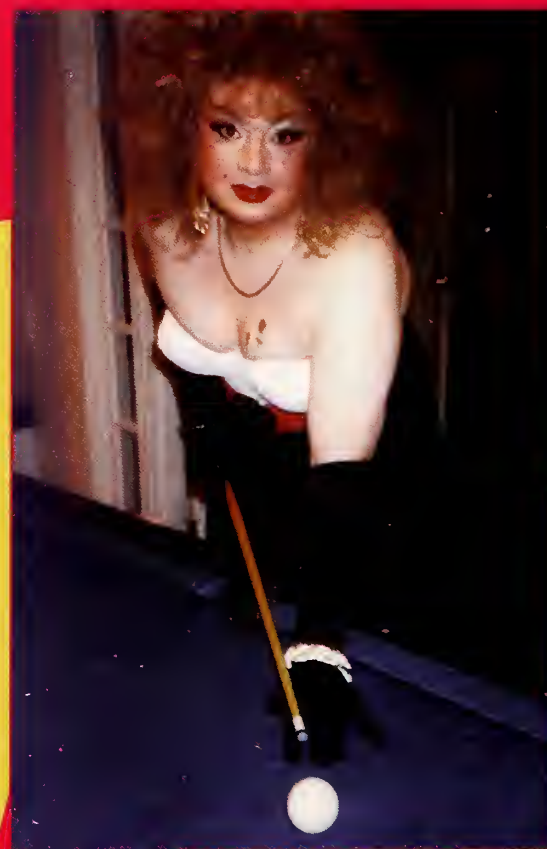
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Babs, N.J. ▲

My oh my! What a couple! JoAnn Roberts (left) and Jim Bailey (Yes, that Jim Bailey) judging at Henri David's Hallowe'en Ball, Oct. 1995. ▼





# Resources

Our listings are the most up-to-date. Please keep us informed of any changes or additions. Thanks!

## National US Organizations

**American Educational Gender Information Service**, PO Box 33724, Decatur, GA 30033-0724. Publishes *Chrysalis*, *AEGISNews*, and several pamphlets on transgender issues. Also book sales. Extensive referral network for all transgender issues. Phone: 770-939-2128. Call in evening. AEGIS is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization affiliated with Renaissance (see below). <aeigis@mindspring.com> <http://www.cdspub.com/AEGIS.html>

**International Foundation for Gender Education**, 123 Moody St., Waltham, MA 02154. Publishes TV/TS Tapestry. Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Phone: 617-899-2212. A non-profit service organization now accepting memberships at \$25 per year (does not include a Tapestry subscription). <fge@world.std.com> <http://www.transgender.org/tg/ifge/index.html>

**Renaissance Education Association, Inc.**, 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine, but phones are answered personally on Monday and Thursday evenings. Membership fee of \$16 includes a 24-page monthly newsletter *Renaissance News & Views*. Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance currently has four chapters and seven affiliates. Affiliates are noted with "(!)" in the list below. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. <bensalem@cpcn.com> <http://www.cdspub.com/Ren.html>

**Society for the Second Self (SSS)**, Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the *Femme Mirror* quarterly. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "#" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. <http://www.firstmethou.com/brenda/>

## Organizations by State, Name, Address, City & Zip code

### Alaska

Alaska T People, c/o P.O. Box 670349, Chugiak, 99567

### Arizona

Alpha Zeta#, PO Box 1738, Tempe, 85280-1738, <http://users.aol.com/tsjenny/alpha\_za.htm>

### California

Alpha#, PO Box 36091, Los Angeles, 90036

Androgyny, PO Box 480740, Los Angeles, 90048, Phone in L.A.: 213-467-8317; <shirley@xconn.com>

Born Free, PO Box 1897, Corona, 91718 <bornfree1@aol.com>

CHIC, PO Box B4B7, Long Beach, 90808 <chicsocal@aol.com>

Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, 94527-2885 <http://www.best.com/~rwr13/dvg/>

ETVC, PO Box 4264B6, San Francisco, 94142-64B6

FTM International, 5337 College Ave., #142, Oakland, 94618 <jamisong@aol.com> <http://www.ftm-intl.org>

Neutral Corner, PO Box 12581, San Diego, 92112 <nutralcrnr@aol.com>

Powder Puffs of California, PO Box 1088, Yorba Linda, 92686, <ppoc@aol.com>

Rainbow Gender Alliance, PO Box 700730, San Jose, 95170-0730, <http://www.transgender.org/tg/rga/rgapage.html>

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 215456, Sacramento, 95821-1456 <ava4sga@aol.com>

Sigma Sigma Beta#, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, 96151

### Colorado

Delta#, PO Box 16208, Denver, 80216

Gender Identity Center, Inc., 1455 Ammons Street, Suite 100, Lakewood, CO 80215-4993 <kathyw@fortnet.org>

### Connecticut

COS, PO Box 163, Farmington, 06034, <karacder@aol.com> connecticuTView (!), PO Box 2281, Devon, 06460 <http://www.cdspub.com/ctv.html>

Twenty (XX) Club Inc.(for TS only), PO Box 387, Hartford, 06141-0387 <http://www.pcnet.com/~elspeth/>

### Delaware

Renaissance, Delaware Chapter, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, 19808

### Florida

Eden Society, PO Box 1692, Pompano Beach, 33061-1692 <edents@aol.com>

Phi Epsilon Mu#, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, 32790-3261. For partner concerns <ggsandra@aol.com>

Serenity, PO Box 307, Hollywood, 33022

Starburst, P O Box 298, Lithia, FL 33547-0298

Tau Lambda#, PO Box 3426, Tallahassee, 32315-3426

### Georgia

AGE(!), PO Box 77562, Atlanta, 30357

Sigma Epsilon#, PO Box 272, Rosewell, 30077-0272

### Hawaii

Hawaii Transgender Outreach, PO Box 4530, Honolulu, 96812

### Iowa

Iowa Artistry, PO Box 75, Cedar Rapids, 52406

<scottm@ins.infonet.net> <http://www.netins.net/showcase/chrisa/iowa.html>

### Illinois

Central Illinois Gender Assoc., PO Box 126, Washington, 61517

Chi#, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, 60191-0040 <http://users.aol.com/chitriess/trisss/chimain.htm>

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 578005, Chicago, 60657

### Indiana

IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, 46220

### Kansas

KC Crossdressers & Friends, PO Box 4092, Overland Park, 66204

Wichita Transgender Alliance, PO Box 315, Kechi, 67067

### Kentucky

Louisville Gender Society, Box 5458, Louisville, 40255

<dawnw@transgender.org>

### Louisiana

Gulf Gender Alliance(!), PO Box 870213, New Orleans, 70187-1300

### Maine

Outreach Institute, 405 Western Ave., #345, So. Portland, 04330

Transsupport, PO Box 17622, Portland, 04101

### Massachusetts

ASSET (After Surgery Support Exchange for Transsexuals), PO Box 3121, Greenfield, 01302 <asset@crocker.com>

Sunshine Club, c/o Roberta Steel, PO Box 149, Hadley, 01035-0149

TCNE Inc., PO Box 2283, Woburn, 01888-0483

### Michigan

Crossroads, PO Box 1245, Royal Oak, 48068-1245

IME of Western Michigan, PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, 49501

### Minnesota

Beta Gamma#, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, 55408

CLCC, PO Box 16265, Minneapolis, 55416

MFGE, PO Box 17945, St. Paul, 55117

### Mississippi

Beta Chi#, PO Box 31253, Jackson, 39286-1253

### Missouri

St. Louis Gender Foundation, PO Box 9433, St. Louis, 63117,

Phone: 314-367-4128 <tLGF@aol.com>

### Nebraska

River City Gender Alliance, PO Box 680, Council Bluffs, 51502

<Fredrickg@aol.com>

### Nevada

Theta Upsilon Gamma#, PO Box 91871, Henderson, 89009-1871

### New Jersey

Chi Delta Mu#, PO Box 1, River Edge, 07661-0001

UMPSTART, PO Box 622, Paramus, 07653

<chatchka@haven.ios.com>

MOTG(!), PO Box 8243, Red Bank, 07701

Renaissance, South Jersey, PO Box 189, Mays Landing, 08330

Sigma Nu Rha#, PO Box 9255, Trenton, 08650



# Resources

Contact CDS by mail at PO Box 61263, King of Prussia, Pa 19406, or by email at [list@cdspub.com](mailto:list@cdspub.com)

## New Mexico

Phi (Fiesta)!, B200 Montgomery NE, #241, Albuquerque, B7109

## New York

Bi-gender self-help group, Lower Manhattan. Contact Lynda Frank at 212-765-3561.

CD-Network, PO Box 92055, Rochester, 14692

Crossroads of Buffalo, 2316 Delaware Ave, #102, Buffalo, 14216

EON Inc., 523 W. Onondaga St., Syracuse, 13204

Lambda Chi Lambda#, PO Box 1010, Cooperstown, 13326

L.I.F.E., PO Box 3015, Lake Ronkonkoma, NY 11779

<Sabrina.Stane@rex.com>

Metropolitan Gender Network(!), 561 Hudson St., Box 45, New York, 10014

New York GIRL & Partner(!), PO Box 456, Centereach, 11720

Nu Phi Chi#, 7954 Transit Rd. S197, Williamsville, 14221

TGIC, PO Box 13604, Albany, 12212-3604

Transgender Network, PO Box 1611, South Rd Annex, Paughkeepsie, 12601-0611

## North Carolina

AGO (Alternative Gender-Oriented), 1235-E East Blvd., Charlotte NC 28203

Circle of Children, Rt 5 Box 564, Zebulon, 27597

Kappa Beta#, PO Box 12101, Charlotte, 28220

Phoenix Transgender Support, PO Box 18332, Asheville, 28814

Triad Gender Assoc., PO Box 78082, Greensboro, 27427-8082

## Ohio

Alpha Omega#, PO Box 2053, Sheffield Lake, 44054-0053

Cross-Part, PO Box 45204, Cincinnati, 45201-1692

Crystal Club, PO Box 287, Columbus, 43068

Glass City Sisters, PO Box 8532, Toledo, 43623

Paradise Club, PO Box 29564, Parma, 44129

<paradised@aol.com>

## Oklahoma

Sigma Beta#, Box 60354, Oklahoma City, 73146

Saaner Diversity(!), PO Box 575, Norman, 73070

## Oregon

North West Gender Alliance, PO Box 4928, Portland, 97208

Trans-Part, PO Box 66913, Portland, 97290

## Pennsylvania

CD International, PO Box 61, Easton, 18044

Erie Sisters, 2115 West Bth St., #261, Erie, 16505

Renaissance, Greater Phila. Chapter, PO Box 530, Bensalem, 19020 <bensalem@cpcn.com>

Renaissance, Lower Susquehanna Valley Chapter, PO Box 2122, Harrisburg, 17105

Transpitt, PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, 15230

Transsexual Support Group, 6020 Penn Circle South, Pittsburgh, 15206, or call 412-661-7030 <tsg@usaar.net>

UJIMA - Peer counseling and info materials for teenagers. Meets Wed. nights at 6:30 pm at 1207 Chestnut Street, 4th fl., Philadelphia.

## Tennessee

Alpha Pi Omega#, PO Box 784, Brentwood, 37204-0784

Tennessee Vals, PO Box 92335, Nashville, 37209 <<http://www.transgender.org/ig/tvals/index.html>>

Memphis TG Alliance, PO Box 11232, Memphis, 38111-0232

## Texas

Alpha Chi#, PO Box 50266, Amarillo, 79159

Austin Second Image, PO Box 14965, Austin, 78761

Delta Omega#, PO Box 141924, Irving, 75014

Epsilon Tau#, PO Box 945, New Waverly, 77358

GCTC, PO Box 90335, Houston, 77090

HCDA (Helping CDs Anon.), 6804 E Hwy 6 S #334, 77083

ICTLEP (TG Law Conference), PO Drawer 35477, Houston, 77235-5477 <[ictlep@aol.com](mailto:ictlep@aol.com)>

ReCast, PO Box 224001, Dallas, 75222-4001

Texas Assoc. of Transsexuals (TATs), PO Box 142, Bellaire, 77401

Tau Chi#, PO Box 1105, Alief, 77411

## Utah

Alpha Rho#, PO Box 1586, Orem, 84059-1586

## Virginia

Trans-Gender Educ. Assoc., PO Box 16036, Arlington, 22215

Virginia's Secret, PO Box 34631, Richmond, 23234

## Washington

Emerald City, PO Box 31318, Seattle, 98103

Ingersall Gender Center, 1812 E. Madison, Suite 106, Seattle, 98122-2843 <[ingersal@halycan.com](mailto:ingersal@halycan.com)>

## West Virginia

The Valley Girls, PO Box 181, Dunbar, 25064-

<[brwtvg1@aol.com](mailto:brwtvg1@aol.com)>

Trans-West Virginia, PO Box 2322, Huntington, 25724

## Wisconsin

Gemini Gender Group, PO Box 44211, Milwaukee, 53214

## Canada

### Alberta

Phi Sigma#, PO Box 81115, 755 Lake Banavista Dr SE, Calgary, T2J 7C9

Illusions Social Club, PO Box 2000, Calgary, T2C 1B4

Illusions Social Club II, PO Box 33002, Edmonton, T5P 4V8

### British Columbia

Dream Girls, P.O. Box 535, Kamloops, V2C 5L7

Carnbury Society, PO Box 3745, Vancouver, V6B 3Z1

### Ontario

Xpressions, P.O. Box 223, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1B2, Voice mail: (416) 812-6879

Gender Mosaic, PO Box 7421, Ottawa, K1L 8E4

### Quebec

Club MET, 4113 Darian St., Montreal, H2K 3B8

TransPORRS (Post Op Recovery Residence), 2006 Sherbrooke East, Montreal, H2K 1B9

Due to the ever increasing number of listings worldwide, *LadyLike* regrets that this list of resources must be limited to North America. However, a worldwide list of groups is maintained on our website at <<http://www.cdspub.com/ForGrp.html>> and the most up to date list of N. American resources is at <<http://www.cdspub.com/USGrp.html>>.

**For the most complete paper listing of Support, Counseling and Vendor Resources in the transgender community, you need to get the 1996 Who's Who & Resource Guide.**

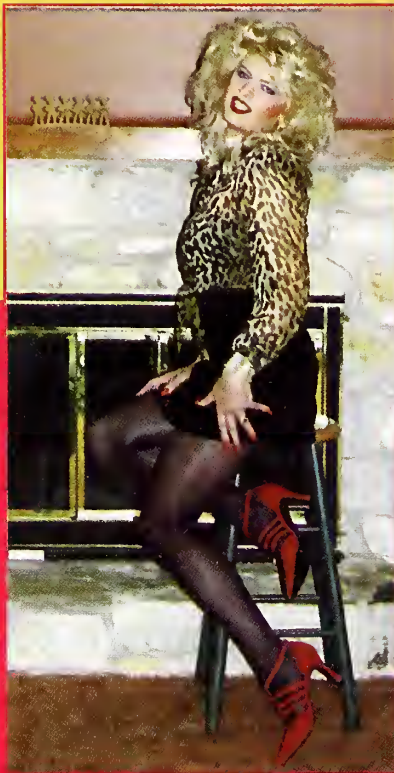
Due to large increases in paper prices during 1995, the retail price for the 1996 Guide is US\$12, plus US\$1.20 shipping & handling. We regret that we have had to discontinue the *LadyLike* subscriber discount program.

**Are you a vendor with products for the transgender community? Consider an ad on the Internet or an electronic store. Contact JoAnn Roberts at 610-640-9449, email: <[vndrinfo@cdspub.com](mailto:vndrinfo@cdspub.com)> for details on how to get wired.**





▲ Melissa, Pa.



▲ Michelle, Pa.



▲ Dina, Pa.

# Mirror to MiM



▲ Laura, Calif.

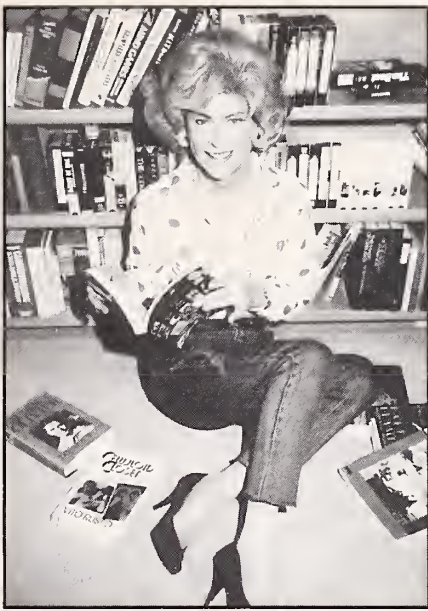


▲ Rachel, Ind.



▲ Mary Alice, Ct.





# TV Video reviews

## Crossdressing at the movies with Laurie Ann

*In the past few years there have been a number of films with transgender themes or actors playing a transgendered person. The Crying Game; Priscilla, Queen of the Desert; To Wong Foo..., and M. Butterfly are recent releases that have achieved same degree of acclaim.*

*Although there are many more transgender oriented films today, there have been a number of such films since the 1960s. Most were the efforts of independent film makers. Most were low budget and often had obvious technical and acting flaws. Almost all of them had minor and very brief theatrical exposure and quickly faded from sight.*

*Many of these half-forgotten films have recently been transferred to video tape and are available from video sources that specialize in cult and obscure cinema. This column will review some of the lesser known films. You may find, as I have, that most of these films are not only fun and entertaining to watch, but they also offer some interesting insights about one of our favorite subjects — crossdressing.*

## ***Let Me Die A Woman***

In 1979 Doris Wishman wrote and directed a unique and fascinating film titled *Let Me Die A Woman*. The film is about transsexuals and it had a very limited release. Even Doris Wishman does not acknowledge its existence in her list of film credits:

From the mid-50's through the 80's, Doris Wishman directed low budget films that would all be considered exploitation films. By today's standards they are pretty mild. Andrea Juno describes her films as: "Revealing a wealth of imagination, wildly improbable plots, bizarre 'method' acting and scripts yielding freely to fantasy."

After viewing a few of Wishman's films, I fully agreed with Andrea Juno. So, when I heard that Wishman had made a film about transsexuals I really became enthused and began to search for it. Unfortunately, my search turned up nothing. It seemed that this film, if it ever existed, was probably lost.

So, you can imagine my excitement when in 1994, there was a review in *Video Watchdog* of *Let me Die A Woman*, and a source where the video could be obtained. I didn't waste any time ordering a copy, particularly in view of the reviewer's opening remarks, "God help me—I'm beginning to dig Doris Wishman! This is her most infamous (yet most humanistic) film..."



*The unidentified TS from the opening of Let Me Die A Woman.*

I had expected that *Let Me Die A Woman* would be a Wishman variation of the 1972 transsexual film *I Want What I Want*. That interesting film was based on an insightful novel by Geoff Brown. So, I was a bit disappointed because *Let Me Die A Woman* was a semi-documentary with no professional actors. All the major parts were real transsexuals. My disappointment did not last long, however.

The film begins with an unnamed, very attractive, young Puerto Rican woman who is just waking up, and

*continued on next page*





Leo Wollman, M.D., the film's "sexpert."

presumably, getting ready to go to work. Wishman doesn't waste any time in seizing our attention, as we are shown her well developed bosom. As she begins to dress she says, "When I wake up in the morning I'm always a little surprised. This is my life, and I'm happy. I used to wear baggy shirts that were concealing. Now I wear things that flatter me—things that go with my color. I love colors. I'm lonely, but I feel wonderful. I'm a woman now... last year... I was a man!"

A narrator then gives us a very brief overview of gender identity. He points out that most people have a clear sense of gender (he says *sexual*) identity, but there are those who have an identity that does not match their body. These people are transsexuals and the concept of a "Third Sex" is introduced. Finally, the narrator tells us that our guide in exploring this unique topic is: "Leo Wollman, M.D., Ph.D., doctor, surgeon, psychologist, minister, and expert in sexual identity."

Dr. Wollman informs us that, "The world of sexual identity is more mysterious and disturbing than Outer Space... a journey into Inner Space!" Well, perhaps a bit overstated, but it sounds pretty impressive.

Unfortunately, the good doctor's presentation does not live up to this exciting introduction. He presents a simplistic clinical lecture on transsexualism and appears to be reading his lines from a prompter.

But, we can excuse his lackluster performance. Scenes of the star of the film, the pretty, Puerto Rican transsexual telling her story are inter cut with Dr. Wollman's uninspired presentation. She poignantly describes her life in a very moving and personal way. In addition, there are dramatized scenes of both pre- and post-operative transsexuals having sex. Perhaps these are unnecessary, but they do add a needed counterpoint to Dr. Wollman's tedious presentation.

At times this film may get a little too graphic for some viewers. The scene showing Dr. Wollman making a surgical incision, supposedly around the genitals, is not for the squeamish. When he pushes his surgically gloved finger into a newly constructed vagina, and discusses the various dildo-like devices used to keep the newly formed orifice from closing, it's a bit too much.

It is fairly obvious why *Let me Die A Woman* had limited public exposure. It is a film that could have been used to introduce medical students and mental health professionals to the subject of transsexuality. In fact, the end credits state that this is a "hygiene film." I suspect this was a consideration. Wishman tried very hard to expand her audience by introducing the sexual scenes and this should come as no surprise as she made her reputation directing and writing sexploitation films.

Wishman clearly had mixed feelings about this film. She said, "It's the strangest film I ever did in my life... I was looking for something different to do. When you don't have a lot of money... you look for a gimmick." Her ambivalence is further illustrated by her absence in the credits. Instead it lists "Continuity by D. Whitman."

*Let Me Die A Woman* is obviously not for everyone. Despite its shortcomings, it is a pioneering effort by a unique, talented independent film director. I know of no other film which explores transsexualism in this manner.

I believe most everyone in the gender community will enjoy this humanistic film. The price of admission is worth it, if only to see the unnamed, Puerto Rican transsexual tell her painful, but fascinating journey into womanhood. Her expressed happiness and optimism should be reflected by retitling the film *Let Me Live As A Woman*.

*Let Me Die A Woman* is available from Something Weird Video, PO Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133. It runs 77 minutes and the video transfer is superb.

**Next review:** Can the expression of one's desire to crossdress cause one to go totally berserk? It does in the 1987 European film *Mascara*.

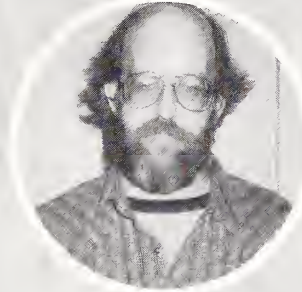
Your comments are welcome. If you know of a film with a transgendered theme that you think our readers should see, please write to me care of *LadyLike* or send email to <tvideo@cdspub.com>.



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# Flashback

Bob Davis &  
Carol Kleinmaier

## Julian Eltinge



Critics, scholars, and theatre professionals agree Julian Eltinge was the world's most brilliant travesti [female impersonator]. Even 15 years after his death in 1941, he was still acclaimed "the greatest of all female impersonators past, present and even future! His make-up, wardrobe, dancing, artistic ability, and songs were never offensive. It was true art." (Vaudeville, Joe Laurie, Jr.)

Unlike many impersonators, Eltinge was a professional performer prior to specializing in travesti. Julian would say that he was being pragmatic, a true man of business. He wanted a career on the stage and was getting better parts and better billing in drag. His success in Vaudeville, Broadway shows and film established the standard for the professional female impersonator in the 20th century.

Remember the mood of turn-of-the-century

America, the macho America of Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders—an era which would associate female impersonation with effeminacy. And since the 1895 trial of Oscar Wilde, effeminacy has been associated with "the love that dare not speak its name." Eltinge, however, screened himself brilliantly, wrapping around his personal life a veil of carefully planned public relations stunts.

Everyone knows queens can't fight. So fresh out of college Eltinge "staged a rough-and-tumble fight in a 42nd Street and 9th Avenue saloon, where he cleaned out the joint of tough characters because someone made a remark about female impersonators being 'nances.'" (Joe Laurie, Jr.). For the rest of his career Eltinge insisted vigorously on his manliness. However, in *Great Pretenders* Anthony Slide says, "At least one former vaudevillian whom I interviewed was quite positive that Eltinge was gay. Certainly he never married, and he spent his







*The Fascinating Widow*. He was riding a wave of popularity. *The Widow*, his first Broadway vehicle, had made him a star (though the Broadway run had been only 56 performances, opening Liberty Theatre, September 11, 1911.) *The New York Times* hailed him as "one of the most popular and successful 'road' stars on the stage today."

Al Woods, his producer, had made sure New Yorkers didn't forget Eltinge while he was busy fascinating the provinces. On September 11, 1912, Woods opened The Eltinge 42nd Street Theatre, the eighth theater built on 42nd street and the first in history named for a female impersonator. The second was a London cabaret named for Danny LaRue, circa 1970, who applied a similar formula of inoffensive scripts and a decorous, if militant, heterosexuality.

*The Crinoline Girl* opened at the Knickerbocker Theatre on March 16, 1914. Both it and *The Fascinating Widow* were written by Otto Hauerbach. The plots share one element: a man is constrained by circumstance to dress as a woman. "Constrained by circumstance" describes 90 percent of all transvestite fiction, be it farce or fantasy. It's everywhere from *Charlie's Aunt* (1892) to *Some Like It Hot* (1959); from *The Petticoat Dominant* (1898) to the latest dirty little fem-dom story on the net. The hero doesn't want it. It's not his choice, but there's no way out. Tom Hale, Eltinge's character in *The Crinoline Girl*, must drug the robber's pretty accomplice and steal her crinoline/dress. There's no other way to catch the real thieves, save the jewels, earn \$10,000 and marry the real girl.

*Variety*, March 20, 1914, summed *The Crinoline Girl* up best, "Sure, it's an old-fashioned farce with a melodramatic plot... and it won't run a year in New York... And what of it? Doesn't it give the star, Julian Eltinge, a good excuse for appearing first as himself and then afford him an opportunity to pose as a woman without deceiving the audience and never once surrounding the female impersonator with an atmosphere that might prove offensive to the most particular individual? The main thing was to have Eltinge at all times a manly man, and this has been cleverly worked out."

LL

**Flash Back** looks at historical drag and performers of years past. It will be a regular feature appearing in every other issue.

declining years living with his mother in California."

Before Broadway, Eltinge seasoned his decorous dames in Vaudeville. Appearing as an elegant society lady in the height of fashion, he sang popular songs. Vaudeville was family entertainment, very moral and proper. At the Palace Theater, Vaudeville's Valhalla, an actor couldn't even say cockroach. Yet, even with these high moral standards Eltinge's act was called "refined" and "never offensive."

In 1908 it seemed every female performer from divas to chorus girls did Salomé's Dance of the 7 Veils. Theater folks called it a "cooch" dance. We'd call it "bump and grind." For travesti it was too easy to burlesque. Some Salomés were riotous (Malcolm Scott, an impersonator, danced with seven whisky bottles), others scandalous (Eva Tanguay, a woman, removed all seven veils, ?Lind?, an impersonator, never removed his wig), but Eltinge's rendition was called simply "beautiful."

In 1914 Eltinge returned to New York from the tour of



# The Unqualified Cheerleader

by Dee Burden

I have thought much about writing this story. It is true, but, at best, it makes me seem like, at some point in my life, I acted irrationally, and, at worst, I became a buffoon. I really don't find so much grief in being called crazy; that's pretty much a matter of record. However, given the place and time this happened, it scares me now that I could have been jailed, or forced into an institution for unwanted and unneeded treatment.

Like I said, this is a true story and I offer no excuses. It felt good, so I did it. I wasn't trying to promote any cause, be a crossdressing pioneer, or point out any inequities between genders. It was hedonistic rather than political, but I certainly did not mean to create any ill repute or discredit crossdressing.

We have to go back to 1979, not a really good year for me. I left a job I enjoyed to go to work for a sadistic nincompoop, but I was making a lot more money. My wife quit her executive job of ten years to "find" herself as a late night bartender and then her car was stolen. My car was totaled while driving to pick up my wife. Then she left, to visit her father, and never came back. We were divorced, and there I was with a good paying job (that I hated) and no responsibility.

Even the job became less of a burden when the owner (the sadistic nincompoop) suddenly decided to go on the road as a company salesman. I think his decision was due for the most part to his wife, a large Medusa clone, who made frequent, uninvited visits to the workplace, and could cause an instant speech impediment in her husband with the sound of her car door slamming in the company lot.

I had thought of quitting, but instead—I went shopping. I had started to crossdress again and the boss, when he was in town, didn't seem to notice my plucked eyebrows, extra long fingernails with glossy polish, or the glimpse of pantyhose between the top of my low heeled pumps and the cuff of my pants.

It was strange that for over a year my young, female co-workers didn't question any of the changes in my appearance either, even though some of them had been there long enough to have seen me seventy pounds heavier, with a mustache and long sideburns. (A pitiful effort with my, then, very thin and almost

colorless beard.) I had also given up flannel shirts and cowboy boots.

For whatever reason, not being noticed, trying to get fired, or just because I was enjoying myself after so long a time not dressing—I grew even bolder.

After a long holiday weekend, I came to work with my hair permed into a mass of piled high, loose curls on top, puffed bangs in the front, and fluffy hair down the back of my neck, that ended in a little turned up fringe almost at my shoulders. Decidedly not masculine, even without the fact that I had dyed my hair medium golden blonde with platinum blonde frosted highlights. I was abetted in this tonsorial folly by a professional I had met a long time before when I thought I was gay.

I wore a vee neck silk tee-shirt in a peach color, very short cut off jeans that showed my smooth, shaved legs, and light pink canvas, ladies sneakers. No padding or bra under my blouse, but with a close look at the sheer fabric one could see through to the tan lines left by a



Dee Burden in 1980 in her Dallas Cheerleaders' tryout outfit.



Competition # **128**

## DALLAS COWBOYS FOOTBALL CLUB CHEERLEADER APPLICATION

**Personal & Employment Data:**  
 Name Dee Errestine Burden Phone 813 - 8123  
 Home Address 1725 Bennett, Dallas, Texas 75206 State TX Zip Code 752 - 1105  
 Street City  
 Employer and/or School Self - Studio Projects Full-time ☒ Yes ☐ No Part-time ☐  
 Occupation Artist Date of Birth 1 - 21 - 54 Age 26  
 Social Security # 434 - 66 - 4387 Height 5'11" Weight 140 Bust 38D Waist 24 Hips 36  
 Marital Status Divorced Phone 321 - 0734  
 Parents' Name Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Burden Date 1972  
 Parents' Address 8855 Fairdale, Dallas, Texas 75218

**Educational Data:**  
 Name of High School Completed Dallas Bryan Adams  
 College/University North Texas State University Graduated ☒ Yes ☐ No Degree Art  
 # of Years Five  
 Awards or Honors: Please list scholastic or extracurricular achievements of which you are particularly proud.  
Sorority Sister, Chess Team, Member "High Kickers" chorus line, Queen's Court  
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**Hobbies & Interests:**  
Future Homemakers of America Counselor, Amateur Magician, Competing in Beauty  
Contests, Designing and Sewing Formal Gowns, Baking Pastries, Drag Racing

**Professional Experience:**  
 Have you ever performed professionally? ☒ Yes ☐ No  
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Date March 7, 1980 Signature Dee Burden

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March 7, 1980

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Auditions are closed to family and friends. Auditions before the audition routine, just move to the offices of Texas Stadium. Escalator to 2nd floor. The Stadium Club over-

9:00 a.m.

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summer of sunbathing in a bikini. I used just a touch of mascara and some light, tinted lip gloss. My brows were plucked and my sparse facial hair had been carefully, if not painlessly, tweezed out.

Leading up to this big day, I had dieted from 215 pounds to 140 pounds and heavy corseting helped reduce my waist to 21 inches. Even at 6'4", the look I presented was more than merely effeminate.

Surely I expected to be told to seek other employment at the end of the week when the owner returned from a business trip, but I did not expect only a few over-the-shoulder looks from the ladies' work stations and over-the-sandwich stares in the lunch room.

By the end of the week I was "accepted." Possibly

because I was a novelty in a most boring work environment or maybe they were all watching and waiting for the day I would wear a dress to work.

There were three young female employees whose sense of adventure and discovery was equal to, or greater, than mine. They became my great friends of that time. We traded gossip and colors of nail polish over lunch. After work, we went to a small shopping mall where I bought a short swirly skirt and a pair of high heeled sandals that I was greatly encouraged to wear out of the mall. (The heels produced what seemed to me a great echoing, clacking sound and created an exaggerated sway in my hips which made the skirt

continued on next page





*Dee Burden circa 1980, Pajama Party.*

swish tantalizingly around my thighs with each step.

I heard what sounded like a murmured, derogatory comment aimed in our direction from a group of teenage boys, but my friends assured me that all the attention directed toward our group was due to the fact that people had never seen such a tall, beautiful woman—such good buddies!

Then, several times we had sleepovers at one of "The Group's" homes. At one of these "pajama parties" while sitting around in our nighties and rolling each other's hair, one of the girls produced applications for the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders. So why not fill them out? That lead to, why not send them in with the required photo? We were all accepted for interviews and tryouts!

Now comes the unbelievable part, even to me, after all these years gone by. We all **actually** showed up for the contest early on Saturday morning, after staying up all night, and consuming a questionable amount of potent potables. Yes, we did go into the stadium and turned in the questionnaires sent along with our letters of acceptance. I wore a long, curly blonde wig, lots of

makeup, and glued on falsies—fingernails, breasts and eyelashes. No, we did not return for the competition. Yes, there were a fantastic amount of beautiful, young women there. No, I don't think they believed I was a legitimate contestant. Yes, I was treated courteously, if curtly, and repeatedly told that I had no chance as I was too darn tall.

The fun wearing thin, and the effects of the previous night starting to show, we left rather hastily—before we were invited to leave. It was a lot of fun for me but deadly serious for the real contestants, and I felt like an invading thief, come to steal a part of the sacred mystique that surrounds those women. (Which they guard very closely, even though they can't explain exactly what it is.) Given that I did have the right "qualifications," I don't think I would want to be a cheerleader, beauty queen, fashion model, or politician.

I was soon to be dismissed from my job. Not because the owner did not approve of my new appearance—he approved too much for my comfort. Actually, his wife didn't approve, and it amused me to be fired for "economic reasons" by the owner who never looked in my direction with the Mrs. in attendance. I only wish I had worn a dress that day.

Sorry to say I have had no contact with my former lady friends and co-workers. We all just went our separate ways. Even with the saturation crossdressing, I did not go as far as ear piercing, hormones, electrolysis, etcetera. I knew I was not transsexual and that I would need to be a "family man" again someday.



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## Chapter 13

When Bobbo Joe and I got to my car, Tammy Mae was sitting on the front seat. "I know who has Mary June Cunningham and where he took her," she said. There was a sly look in her eye.

I got in beside her. "We know that Johnny Ray has her," I said. "Where did he take her?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

"Tammy Mae!"

She stuck out her lip. "You'll just go without me and I'll have to go home." She scooted across the seat and threw her arms around my neck. "Oh, Laura Ann, take me with you," she sobbed. "Let's run away together, just you and me. I love you. Please let me come with you."

"Tammy Mae, you know I can't do that. I just can't. Mom and Dad will be worried enough as it is. It's after eleven o'clock."

"Laura Ann, I love you!"

"I love you, Tammy Mae, but not like that. Never like that. It's not right."

"Can I just stay with you for a little while?"

"Tammy Mae, you've got to go home right now."

"Georgia."

"What?"

"He took her to Georgia. To Atlanta."

"How do you know that?"

"When I heard Ma and Pa kicked you out of the house, I walked to your school and lay down in the back of Mary June's truck and waited for her to get out of cheerleading practice. I thought she would know where you were. After a while she came out and

got in the truck. But then Johnny Ray and one of his friends ran up and got in on either side of her. She started hollering at them, and Johnny smacked her a bunch of times and announced that he was taking her

to someone called R.J. Johnny's friend told him he was crazy and that he was going to have nothing to do with a kidnapping, and that R.J. was bad medicine, and that if Johnny Ray had any sense he would let Mary June go. Johnny told him to shut up and get

out of the truck, and that if he knew what was good for him, he would keep his mouth shut. Johnny Ray reached across him and opened the door and pushed him out.

"They kidnapped her, Laura Ann. In her own truck."

"How do you know they were going to Atlanta?"

"I had been staying low in the back.

After Johnny Ray drove off, I peeked through the window. Mary June was slumped over in the seat. She looked half-conscious.

There was a map of Georgia on the seat beside Johnny, folded up so that only one section showed."

"Atlanta," I said.

"Yes. I thought about just staying in the truck until they got to where they were going, but I decided I had better find you and tell you. I jumped out at a four-way stop and came here. I knew you would show up sooner or later."

"Do you have any idea who the boy was who was with Johnny?"

"No," Tammy Mae said glumly. "I had never seen him before. She suddenly noticed Bobbo Joe standing beside the passenger door. "Who's he?"

"Me heap big Injun," droned Bobbo Joe. "Me and White Squaw make big medicine on Fat White Man. Injun takeum scalp. Bring Mary June back. But first take Littlest Squaw home."

"Is he for real?" Tammy Mae asked, wide-eyed.

"In a way he is," I said. "I don't think he'll be scalping Johnny Ray, but there's a good possibility that I might. Now come on. I've got to get you home."

**The Problem**  
by Dallas Denny



"All right," she sighed. "Take me home."

I should have suspected she was up to something; Tammy Mae never gives in that easy.

## Chapter 14

Over Tammy Mae's weak (too weak) protests, I drove her home and Bobbo and I took her inside. She disappeared into her room. Ma and Pa were in their bedroom, as usual; they had no idea she'd been gone. I told them about Mary June's kidnapping. There was an awkward moment when I thought maybe they would apologize, or at least tell me I could come home, but then Pa brought out a brown paper sack from behind the bed and said, "Here are those westerns you asked for," and the moment was past. I said, "I want my money and my clothes," and Pa said, "Tough," and I left.

Bobbo and I got in my Nova and I opened the hatch and threw the books in; if I had bothered to look in the back, I would have saved myself a lot of trouble.

I drove down to the river and parked. Bobbo leaned over and tried to kiss me, but that wasn't why I was there; I pushed him away. After a while, I saw Justis MacElhenny's flashlight bobbing along, like I had known I would. He came up and shined it in the window and bellowed, "What do you— oh, hi, Leroy."

"Hello yourself. I think I know where Johnny Ray took Mary June Cunningham." I told him what Tammy Mae had said. He promised to tell the sheriff, and then nodded at Bobbo Joe and said, "You two going to— uh, you know"

"Yep," said Bobbo.

"No," I said. "We're not. Bobbo Joe is a practicing Onanist." I said it as if it were some kind of religion, and maybe it is. "He has taken a vow not to touch female flesh. Or mine, either," I added, seeing as how Justis's mind works that way.

As we drove away, I thought of the round greasy smear in the back window of Mary June's truck. "I think maybe Justis is a practicing Onanist, too," I told Bobbo Joe.

At the Pancake Emporium, I told Bobbo Joe what we were going to do. "It's simple," I said. "We're going to Atlanta and we're going to find Mary June and take her away from Johnny Ray and R.J., whoever he is, if he is stupid enough to go along with the kidnapping, and probably kick their asses up between their shoulder blades."

Bobbo snickered and upended a bottle of syrup over his waffles. He had made a little tepee out of his link sausages, and it collapsed as I watched. "Won't you hurt Johnny's head if you kick him in the ass?"

"Eat your meal," I ordered. "We need to get on the road."

I drove while Bobbo slept in the back seat; that part of the plan worked. But when I tried to wake him up to drive,

he was dead to the world, and no amount of shaking or yelling would rouse him. I ended up driving until the sun came up. At the exact hour that McDonalds opens, he sat up and said, "I want McBreakfast."

There were yellow arches at the next exit. I sipped orange juice and wondered how long my money would hold out as I watched Bobbo devour eggs and hash browns and hotcakes and sausage, three sausage biscuits, and two danish, washing it down with black coffee, which I made him drink. Then I put him behind the wheel and pointed him in the right direction and told him to wake me up when we hit Atlanta. But it was no use; I was too worried about Mary June to be able to sleep, and as neither Bobbo nor I were in a talking mood, I climbed into the back seat and reached back into the hatchback for the bag of westerns. I touched something warm and soft and I screamed and jumped, banging against the back of the front seat. Someone else screamed. Bobbo yelped and swerved across three lanes of traffic and right onto the shoulder, and nearly went on into the ditch, but at the last minute, he managed to get the car under control.

I peered into the back seat and saw Tammy Mae. "Hello, sis," she said sheepishly. "I snuck out the window and got back in your car."

"Tammy Mae, you nearly got us all killed, hiding in the back like that. You scared me half to death. I didn't know what I had grabbed hold of."

"Don't make me go home, Laura Ann. Please don't make me go home."

Bobbo pulled the car onto the shoulder. "What do you want me to do?"

"Turn the car around and take us back," I told him.

"No!" cried Tammy Mae. "Please, Laura Ann, let me go to Atlanta with you."

In the end, we found a pay phone and I called my parents while Tammy Mae and Bobbo Joe filled a bag with all kinds of kid food: peanut butter bars, Coke, ice cream, bubble gum, Twinkies, apple turnover, Tootsie Pops, Kits candies, and of all things, a Pez dispenser. Ma and Pa had discovered when they woke up that Tammy Mae had snuck out again, and had called the sheriff to tell him to be on the lookout for me. The sheriff had told them he would call the state police and tell them to stop my car and pick us up. Ma demanded that I bring Tammy Mae straight home. I refused, telling them that we had been driving all night and had just discovered her. I had to feed a lot of quarters into the phone before we arrived at a plan: I would call Ma and Pa as soon as we found a motel room in Atlanta, and they would drive down immediately and fetch Tammy Mae. They promised to call off the police, but I didn't believe them.

*continued on next page*



## The Problem

When we were back on the road again, Bobbo Joe asked, "Where we going to go when we get to Atlanta?"

"You just drive," I told him.

"It's a big place."

"We'll find them," I muttered. "Just drive."

But of course we didn't find them. I'd no idea where to look, and Atlanta is a big city and a confusing place. We spent the morning driving aimlessly around, hoping that the cops wouldn't spot us. Finally, about 11 o'clock, we gave up and found a motel. When we got to the room, there was just one bed, but we were too tired to be bothered with trying to straighten it out. Bobbo sprawled out, taking three-fourths of the bed, and immediately fell asleep. He slept like he eats—full speed ahead. He snored; I'd never heard anyone snore. It didn't seem to be bothering Tammy Mae, who looked pitifully small huddled at the foot of the bed. Pitifully small, but smiling.

I went over and smoothed her hair with my fingers and she looked up and said, "I love you, Laura Ann."

"I know you do," I said.

"I'm happy," she told me. "Really happy."

"This is what you've wanted, isn't it? To go off with me?"

"Yes. Yes! I don't want to go back, Laura Ann. Please tell me I can stay with you."

"You know you can't. Mom and Dad will be here sometime tonight to get you, and I'm sure the police are looking for us and will put us all in lockup if they catch us."

"That gives us the rest of the day," she smiled. "A lot can happen in a short while."

There was a phone in the room, but I couldn't figure out how to use it, so I went outside and found a pay phone and called Ma and Pa. We were back to square one, for they began hollering right away about me kidnapping my own sister, and I finally just hung up the phone and went back to the room.

Sleep didn't come. I got up and sat in a chair with a Louis L'Amour paperback. Bobbo Joe's snores were a nuisance, like the jet noise on an airliner. When I was two-thirds of the way through the book, and feeling plenty mean and ornery, I put it down and dozed. I dreamed I was at school, wearing a skirt that was too short to cover my Problem and was called on to go to the blackboard to do a math problem.

## Chapter 15

"What's an Onanist?" Tammy Mae wanted to know as soon as she had wakened.

"Just never you mind," I warned her. "You don't want to know."

"Is it about that man in the Bible? Onan, who cast his seed on the ground?"

"Yes."

"Does Bobbo cast his seed on the ground?"

I glanced at Bobbo, the human chain saw. His mouth was open, and I could see that his teeth were nearly perfect. His snoring had never stopped. "I don't know where he casts his seed. I just told Justis that to be telling him something."

"But later you told Bobbo that Justis was a practicing Onanist. Is he?"

"I think so. Probably."

"How do Bobbo and Justis practice Onanism?"

"I don't know. Or rather, I think I do, and I wish I didn't. You'll find out soon enough. Change the subject."

"Okay. How are you going to find Mary June?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think Johnny Ray has—you know—to her?"

"I'd rather talk about Onanism," I said.

Bobbo picked just that moment to sit up and ask, "Why don't we find an all-you-can-eat place?"

We located a restaurant with a buffet, and Tammy Mae and Bobbo Joe were twin eating machines, putting away meat loaf, liver and onions, corned beef, fried chicken and vegetables and three or four desserts each. I mostly sat and watched them. As Bobbo started on his third wedge of pecan pie, I suddenly knew where we were going to go.

We stopped at a service station and bought a map (something we should have done as soon as we hit the city limits), and I navigated Bobbo, who was driving, to Highland Avenue. After a while we crossed Virginia, and I told him to park. I discovered that he was no parallel parker, but he finally brought the Nova to rest between an old Volvo and a new Saab, with a back wheel on the sidewalk, and we went up to a big Victorian house with loose shutters. I said to Bobbo and Tammy, "The third house from the corner, she said. I hope this is it."

A woman who looked like Boris Karloff opened the door, letting out a cloud of perfume. Bobbo Joe looked at me and smiled. "Yep, this is the place," he said.

"Can I help you?" she asked in a backroom voice.

"Yes. Yesterday I phoned. I spoke to someone called Alice. She said there was a meeting of... t—... of t—"

I couldn't say the word. "Transsexuals," this from Bobbo Joe. Tammy Mae was staring at the Boris lady in frank amazement.

"Are you the one who kept hanging up?" she asked.

"Alice?"

"Yes, I'm Alice. What did you say your name was?"

"Laura Ann Sykes."

"Good to meet you, Laura Ann. You and your friends come on in and join the party."

She led us through a hallway and into a room with high ceilings. Standing around and sitting in chairs and on sofas



were men who were dressed as women. "Girls, I would like you to meet Laura Ann Sykes, and this is..."

"Bobbo Joe Whitecastle," said Bobbo Joe. "The same as the little bitty hamburgers."

"My name is Tammy Mae Sykes."

A tall, thin woman introduced herself and the rest of the group. "I'm Cassandra. This is Anna, Joyce, Lorraine, Janet, Roberta, and this lucky bitch is Christa. She'll be going abroad, and she'll be coming back a broad."

Christa was a tall, thin, black woman, and the only one who looked anything like a real woman. The illusion was shattered by her voice, which was that of a bullfrog in the springtime. She looked Bobbo Joe up and down. "Honey, would you like me to help you with your face?"

Bobbo did a double-take and gave me a pleading look.

"It isn't him," I said. "It's me."

"That's scary," declared Lorraine, staring at me.

"It don't seem possible," Roberta declared. "You must of been on hormones ever since you was seven."

"Thirteen," I told her.

Joyce, who was rough as a cob, a lumberjack in skirts, said, "Honey, I envy you. I didn't start until I was 40, and you see what happened to me. I got hair where I didn't want it and lost it where it was supposed to be. My balls dragged me kicking and screaming into manhood. But you... you're beautiful."

I felt like I was getting my own fan club. These women reminded me of Doc Symmons if he decided to become a woman. They made me uncomfortable, for I had what they could at best only hope to approximate. Still, maybe they would be able to help. I told them about the notorious kidnapping. They knew nothing of anyone called R.J., but they wanted to know more about Johnny Ray, and I started with the incident in the ravine and worked forward. When I got to the part about the milk, they broke up and in general conceded that Johnny was luckier than he knew. They were right about that, but I didn't know it at the time.

"But he's not lucky," I told them. "He doesn't want to be a girl. I gave it to him as a tranquilizer. It keeps him from getting too horny. It seems like he bothers me less since I 'prescribed' it for him."

"Now that's something," mused Alice. "Why do you suppose he's been harassing you all his life?"

"He hates me," I said.

"Does he hate you, or is he fascinated by you? Infatuated with you?" I just stared at her.

"Like a moth to a flame," contended Janet, whose voice made Christa seem like a soprano.

"Do you know what I think?" Anna whispered. "I think he has a thing about transies. I think if you were to wait until about 11 o'clock and go down on Juniper Street where all the crossdressed street trash hangs out, you'd find him

cruising with his tongue hanging out. Or maybe he'd be at one of the drag bars."

"He's not old enough to drink," I said automatically.

"On Juniper, then."

It was a slim chance, but at 9 o'clock, we hit the street and rolled down Highland until it hit Ponce de Leon and followed it to Peachtree, and turned right, then wended our way over to Juniper. The street queens were there, all right, parading around in the night. We questioned three or four, without luck, but then we got a break. I stopped the car and motioned to a tall, black thing in a red wig. She stuck her head in the window and said, basso profundo, "My, my, a family outing. Mom, Pop and the baby." In her cheek I could see a big wad of bubble gum, or maybe chewing tobacco.

"I'm no baby," Tammy Mae protested. "Don't you call me no baby, you faggot."

I was shocked. "Tammy Mae, where'd you learn that?"

The hooker rumped Tammy Mae's hair and laughed. "You got sass, baby. I like that." She looked at me. "You all seen the freaks, now go on, get out of here."

I showed her a twenty dollar bill. "Five minutes," I said. She got in the front seat beside me and stuffed the twenty in her top, which was bright orange.

"My name is Chantice," she told us.

"What the hell kind of name is Chantice?" growled Tammy Mae, whose pride had been wounded.

"I'm looking for a girl," I said.

"Honey, they all is."

"Yeah, I'm sure, but I'm wanting a particular girl. Her name is Mary June Cunningham. She's about my size and age, but with brown eyes and darker hair. She'll be with a big fat boy named Johnny Ray."

"Ain't seen 'em," she said, and started to climb out.

"They'll be with someone called R.J.," I said. "And they'll be driving a blue pickup."

She froze for a moment and then said, "All them Bubbas got 'em blue pickups. Ain't seen it." But I knew she knew something.

I drove down the street and turned the corner, and then stopped the car and got out. "Drive, Bobbo," I said.

"Where to?"

"Anywhere. Come back by here in about fifteen minutes. If I'm not on the corner, drive by on the hour until I show up. If I'm not back in two hours, go back to the motel and wait until morning, and if I'm not back, take Tammy Fay. Here." I gave him one of my last fifties. "Rent the room for another night, if you have to."

"Sis, I want to go with you," pleaded Tammy Mae. "I can't spend the night alone with no Injun."

"Nice try," I said, and walked back towards Peachtree.

*to be continued...*



# Kaye's Korner

*Relationship Issues with Linda & Vanessa Kaye*

**This time we have a question on Bedroom Issues: My husband wants to make love to me while crossdressed. I want to please him, but the thought makes me uncomfortable. If I enjoy it, does that mean I'm a lesbian? If I hate it, does that mean I'm homophobic?**

**Signed, Confused**

Dear Confused,

This is a question we often hear from spouses and partners of crossdressers. Let's start with some questions for you. First of all, have you and your partner discussed what each of you wants and needs in this area? By this we mean, has your partner been given the opportunity to explain his/her fantasies and desires with regard to making love while "en femme?" Also, have you clearly expressed to him/her your feelings, desires and fantasies?

Does your partner facilitate you living out your sexual fantasies? Is your current lovemaking, as "man and woman," sexually satisfying to you? If you can answer "Yes" to these questions, then you should honestly ask yourself if your partner could answer the same.

Lovemaking, and sexual fantasies are nothing to be ashamed of. What goes on in a couple's bedroom is private and personal. Providing that both partners are comfortable with what they do, there is no harm done and nothing to feel guilty about. Regardless of what your partner wears while making love, he still retains his birth sex. No matter how complete and convincing the outward transformation of your partner into his "femme self," he is, in fact, still a male. You are making love to a man, not a set of clothing or a collection of make-up.

When your partner transforms himself into his image of femininity, he is entering a realm of fantasy. You, as a partner, can choose to either facilitate the fulfillment of this fantasy, or reject it. It is important that you clearly understand the mind of the crossdresser. By rejecting the "fantasy her," you are, in effect, rejecting a part of him.

Facilitating, or encouraging your partner's fantasy does not make you a lesbian, unless that is the fantasy that you both agree upon. In reality, it is in the seducing and foreplay that each of you takes on a different role. Your partner may wish to be treated tenderly, as a woman. You, as a woman, should know all about this. In fact, you are in an excellent position to fulfill this fantasy for "her." You know what a woman needs and wants.



The culmination of the lovemaking will not be much different than it is without the clothes and make-up, with one important difference; you have helped your partner to fulfill one of his greatest fantasies. This can bring you closer together and increase the depth of your intimacy.

Some partners and spouses of crossdressers express concern over the fact that when crossdressed, their mate seems more aroused than usual. This should not be a surprise. The sensation of the fabrics against their skin, and the fantasy are quite powerful. Always, you should remember that the most important sexual organ in the body is the mind. Does it distress you that when you put on a "sexy" nightgown yourself, that you are more aroused than when in a flannel nightshirt? Most likely, it does not. The clothing, makeup and other accouterments are all a part of the fantasy, and fantasy is healthy.

Another question you should ask yourself is, "Why do I feel threatened making love to my partner while he is crossdressed?" If you are sexually in tune with your needs, those of your partner, and understand that your sexuality is a gift to be used and enjoyed, then go with it.

For us, and many others we know, the issues of lesbianism and homophobia are not factors. Homosexuality is as natural to some people as your heterosexuality is to you. Despite what some conservatives say, there is nothing evil about alternative lifestyles. If you, or your partner wish to be accepted for who you are, despite your differences, you must learn to accept others. Your partner, despite the outer appearance, is still the same person you love and desire. Your sexual orientation is not altered. It is "love play."

Linda & Vanessa Kaye

*Got a question about relationships you'd like answered? Write to Linda & Vanessa in care of LadyLike magazine.*

The Kayes have published a new book, entitled *Life With Vanessa*. The book deals with many of the issues facing couples in similar relationships, such as: The Woman Within; Developing the Woman Within; Sensuality and Sexual Issues; Religious Issues; Friends and Family; Support Groups; Shopping and Money Issues.

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**Mirror to Me**





# On My Mind...



**W**elcome back to the second "new" issue of LadyLike. From the letters in the mailbag, our new format is a hit with everyone. Phew! That makes me feel really good because it took a lot of work to do the redesign.

You'll also notice a new name on the masthead on page 2, Angela Gardner, our new Editor. I'm moving upstairs to the Publisher's Penthouse. Actually, LadyLike has grown so much this last year that I can no longer handle the magazine alone and I've asked Angela to help out.

Since she's too modest to tell you much about herself, I will. I met Angela in November of 1986 and we hit it off immediately. Besides crossdressing, we both share a love of Rock 'n Roll and Science Fiction. In May of 1987, Angela, myself and three other crossdressers founded the Renaissance Education Association, Inc., which has since grown to the second largest crossdresser support organization in the world.

All of the founders took a turn at running Renaissance and Angela did her first tour in 1993 and she's the Managing Director again for 1996. She's also the Editor-in-Chief of Renaissance News & Views, the monthly newsletter. (I work for her on that publication.)

So, I'm glad to have Angela working with me on *LadyLike* and you'll see her influence in future issues. Now for something completely different...

## ***It's Working***

I told you in issue #23 about the Transgender Alliance for Community (TAC). If you're a newcomer to LadyLike, I'll recap quickly. Several of the national transgender organizations decided to quit squabbling over internal policies and start working together on larger issues, like educating the professional community about real transgender issues. The first Alliance activity was a display at the annual conference of the National Association of Social Workers (NASW). The original Alliance partners were Renaissance, Outreach Institute, AEGIS, Tri-Ess, and IFGE.

Since that original activity in 1994, the Alliance has grown with the addition of the International Conference on

Transgender Law & Employment Policy (ICTLEP) in 1995 and FtM International for 1996. TAC went to NASW 1995 and to the 1995 conference of the National Association of Family Based Services. This last conference was a last minute addition to the TAC schedule and thanks to a truly yeoman effort by members of Chi Chapter, Tri-Ess, it, too, was a success.

In 1996, TAC will be going to the annual conference of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists (AASECT) in Baltimore, Md., in June. Ariadne Kane, Executive Director of the Outreach Institute, has a transgender workshop on the agenda and TAC will have its information booth in the display area.

For perhaps the first time in the history of the transgender community, the major national organizations aren't fighting with one another over philosophical or political issues. They're working together for the overall good of the community at large. What this says to me is our leadership has finally "grown-up" and realized that "community" does not mean homogenous or uniform. It means unity of purpose.

I'd like to personally thank the following people for having the foresight and courage to make TAC a reality (in no particular order): Alison Laing, Executive Director of the International Foundation for Gender Education (Mass.); Dallas Denny, Executive Director of the American Educational Gender Information Service (Ga.); Ariadne Kane, Executive Director of the Outreach Institute of Gender Studies (Maine); Jane Ellen Fairfax (whose original idea gave birth to TAC), Chair of the board of the Society for the Second Self (Texas); Phyllis Frye, Executive Director of the International Conference on Transgender Law & Employment Policy (Texas); Angela Gardner, then Co-Director of Outreach, the Renaissance Education Assoc. (Penna.); and finally Jamison Green of FtM International (Calif.).

I expect 1996 to be a great year for TAC and the community. I also believe in the old Earth Day motto: "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem." Every single one of the organizations listed above needs your help, one way or another. You can join as a member. You can subscribe to their publications. You can volunteer to work. Or you can just throw money at them in the form of a tax-deductible donation (even as little as \$5 will help).

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***JoAnn Roberts***



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